

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

*Hoy.* So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it;  
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad  
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill  
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise  
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night  
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life  
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:  
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it  
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

*Mar.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe  
Where we shall find him most conuenient.

*Exeunt.*

*Florisb.* Enter *Claudius*, King of *Denmarke*, *Gertrude* the Queene,  
Counsaile: as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,  
*Hamlet*, *Cum Alijs.*

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death  
The memorie be greene, and that it vs besitteth  
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,  
To be contracted in one browe of woe  
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him  
Together with remembrance of our selues:  
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene  
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state  
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy  
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,  
In equall scale waighing delight and dole  
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard  
Your better wildomes, which haue freely gone  
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)  
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,  
Holding a weake supposall of our worth  
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death  
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame  
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage  
He hath not faild to pestur vs with messlage

Importing

## Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe  
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:  
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,  
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ  
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*  
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares  
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress  
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,  
The lists, and full proportions are all made  
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch  
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,  
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,  
Giuing to you no further personall power  
To busines with the King, more then the scope  
Of these delated articles allowe:  
Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

*Cor. Vo.* In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.

*King.* We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?  
You told vs of some sure, what ist *Laertes*?  
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane  
And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes*?  
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,  
The head is not more natiue to the hart  
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth  
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,  
What wold'st thou haue *Laertes*?

*Laer.* My dread Lord,

Your leaue and fauour to returne to *Fraunce*,  
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,  
To shoue my dutie in your Coronation;  
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done  
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *Fraunce*  
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

*King.* Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

*Polo.* Hath my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue  
By laboursome petition, and at last  
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

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